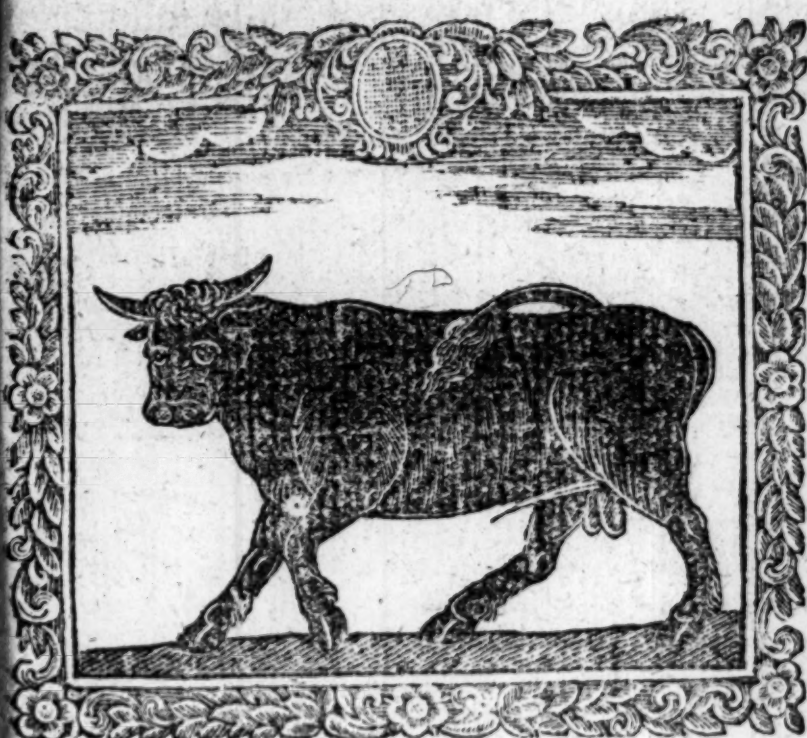




The Praises of the Weavers.

COME all you jolly Weavers and listen to my song,
 To you about all others these lines they do belong.
 For to talk to the praise of your noble weaving trade,
 they are to blame unworthy that would such men degrade.
 Who is't can say against them, or who can pull them down,
 Who is't can live without them in country or in town:
 were it not for your Weavers your backs would all go bare,
 And so go all together naked as your forefathers were.

Were it not for your weaving trade which is so fine a thing
 You would not know a beggar now by the greatest king,
 They would all be clothed in leather instead of rich array,
 Who would not love a weaver come tell to me I pray,
 From whence came all this brave attire that the young prin-
 ces wear,

Is not the skilful weaver rich cloths for them prepare,
 Your coloured silks and sattins and your rich cloths of gold,
 O the weavers they do make them most glorious to behold.
 from whence come all these ribbons that makes so rare a show
 Upon the ladies top knots wherever they do go.
 The nimble handed weavers, they do them all contrive,
 They are above all other the only men alive.
 Your broad cloths and your druggert stuffs shines so much in
 your eye.

It is so much in fashion, it doth the poor employ.
 The nimble handed weavers doth work them day and night,
 For to gain an honest livelihood is all his whole delight.
 There is ten thousand spinners ay and ten thousand too
 Were it not for our weavers they would have no work ado,
 The nimble handed Taylors that boast themselves such men
 were it not for our weavers they would cry Old breeks
 to mend.

The Weavers they are called up the scripture doth declare,
 To weave the curtains of the ark and tabernacles fair
 The clothier and dyster and wool-comber too,
 Were it not for our Weavers they would have no work ado.
 Come all you jolly lasses in country or in town,
 To you that looks for honour likewise fame and renown,
 If ever you do marry be sure a weaver chuse,
 For they are sure to blame that would such men refuse.
 O happy is the woman that is a weaver's wife,
 Sure she's endued with pleasure all the days of her life
 To have her loving husband always in her eye,
 Sitting so sweetly singing such pleasant melody.

This song is composed by Jock the Rhymer,
 In all the North there's none the finer.